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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeaut, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XIII.

STELLA.

Celio was about answering me, when Beatrice came running through the gallery and jumped upon his neck and frolicked around us, asking me very roguishly if I had yet been introduced to *Monsieur le Marquis*. A few steps farther on we met Stella and Benjamin, who besieged me with the same questions; the breakfast bell rang loudly, and Hecate, who was very excitable, echoed this signal with a shrill bark. The marquis and his daughter came last, serene and kind, like those who have been doing their duty. There I saw how much the girls adored Cecilia, and how much respect she inspired from the whole family. I could not help observing her, and even when I did not look at her nor listen to her, I saw all her movements, heard every word; and yet she did and spoke but little; but she was attentive to all that could please her friends. Any one would have said that she had always been an heiress, she was so easy and tranquil in her opulence; and it was easily seen that she did not care for it on her own account, she was so careful to supply the least want and gratify the slightest wish of others.

At breakfast the drama was not talked about. Not one word was said before the servants, which could make them suspect anything of the kind. No thanks to Beatrice, whose little head was full of it, for she began to talk about the night before and the night to come; but Stella, who sat beside

her and governed her like a young mother, checked her words. When breakfast was over, the marquis gave his arm to his daughter, and they left the room.

"Now they are going to busy themselves about something else," said Celio to me. "They devote this part of the day to the wants of the people around us; they listen to the petitions of the poor, the claims of the farmers, and answer all invitations. They see the curé or his assistant; they direct the laborers, and even consult about the sick; in fact, they fulfil their duty as lord and lady with as much regularity and conscience as possible. Stella and Beatrice take charge of the household matters within. As for me, I generally read or study music, and since the arrival of my brother, I give him lessons; but to-day he must go and practice billiards by himself. I want to talk with you."

He led me into the garden, and pressing my hand affectionately, said to me:

"Your sadness grieves me, and I cannot witness it much longer. Listen, my friend: I had an evil thought; when you told me an hour ago that you would renounce Cecilia from delicacy, I was about telling you that such seemed your duty, and was to encourage you to leave. I did not do it; but even if I had, I should have taken it back now. You are too scrupulous, or else you do not thoroughly understand Cecilia and her father. They have never ceased to be artists in becoming noble. The alliance of talent like yours could never seem below their station. It would be impossible for them to suspect you of ambition or avarice, for they know that two months since you were in love with the poor cantatrice, with only three thousand francs a season, and you thought seriously of marrying her, without blushing for the old drunkard."

"Do they know it? Did you tell them, Celio?"

"I told them the very day that you confided it to me, and they were deeply touched by it."

"But they refused because on that same day they received the news of their inheritance?"

"No; even when they had read the news they did not refuse. They said: '*We will see.*' Then, although I was moved myself, I had the courage to keep the promise I had almost given you. I began to speak of you again."

"And what did she say?"

"She said: 'I am so grateful for his kind intentions towards me, at a time when I was poor and obscure, that if I was decided to marry at all, I should endeavor to see and know more of him.' And then, as I told you, we went secretly to Turin, a few days since, upon business for her father and to bring back Benjamin. When

there, I studied with some anxiety the effect produced upon her by the story of your amours with the duchess. She was sad a moment;—that I know. You see, my friend, I conceal nothing. I offered to go and bring you secretly to our hotel. She saw I was angry, and said no, for she is kind to me as an angel, kind as a mother; but she suffered much, and when, the next night, we passed by your door on foot, on our way to our carriage, as we did not wish it brought round to the hotel, we saw your coachman, and recognized Volabù. We avoided him, as we did not wish to be seen; but Cecilia had a woman's happy thought. She told Salvator (whom the man had never seen) to go to him and ask him if his carriage would go to Milan.

"Indeed," answered he, 'I am going to Milan, but I can take no one.'

"Whom are you going to drive?' said the child. 'Cannot I make some arrangement with your traveller to allow me to accompany him?'

"No; he is a painter, and travels alone."

"What is his name? perhaps I may know him."

"The driver gave your name; that was all we cared to know. We had been told that the duchess had returned to Milan. Cecilia grew pale, pretending that she was cold; then, as I spoke of it in a low voice, she smiled upon me with sovereign sweetness and drew near your window, saying:

"You shall see what a friendly and disinterested farewell I will give him."

"Then she sang that cursed *Vedrai carino*, which saved you from the clutch of Satan. There is a fate in all this! I believe she loves you, although it is always hard to read a person so thoroughly mistress of herself, and so accustomed to self-denial that one can seldom imagine what she suffers in sacrificing. Just now she knows nothing different about you, and I must confess that I am not courageous enough to tell her that you have renounced the duchess and that you owe your safety to her. I promised not to injure you, but it would be pushing heroism beyond my powers to woo her for you. Still I must tell you the truth, and there you have it all. Stay, then, or speak; wait and hope, or else act and settle the matter. At all events, you have all right to do it, and no one could suspect you of being in love with her millions, since even this morning you could not understand that the Marquis de Balma was father Boccaferri."

"Good and noble Celio!" said I, "how can I thank you? I don't know what to do. I think you love Cecilia as much as I and are more worthy of her. No, I cannot speak to her. I wish her to know and appreciate you in your

new character. She must examine us, compare us, and decide. I have thought her in love with some one, and that may be you. Why should we hasten to know our destiny? Perhaps now she may even be undecided herself. Let us wait."

"Yes, it is true," said Celio, "we both run the risk of a refusal if we surprise her; and I am somewhat troubled because I was not in love with her at Vienna, and the idea never entered my head until I witnessed your love. I am a little afraid that she will suspect me of being mercenary, for I am more open than you to such suspicions. Time has not proved me, as it has you. On the other hand, the adoration she has for my mother, and which still rules all her thoughts, is naturally a strong reason for her to sacrifice her love to you, for fear of making me unhappy. Thus is this noble woman made, but I would not profit by such a sacrifice."

"That sacrifice," answered I, "might be quick and easy to-day. If she loves me, she has not loved me long enough to have become entirely selfish. I ask the help and counsel of time for my own interest as for yours."

"Well said," answered Celio; "let us adjourn. But first let us make this resolution: that is, that neither shall confess his love without telling the other beforehand; until then, let us talk no more about it, for it gives me pain."

"And me too. I submit to that agreement; but we shall not forbid each other's attempts to please her."

"No, certainly," said he.

He began to hum the romance from "Don Juan"; then he began to sing, and practised while walking up and down beside me, and stamping impatiently when his voice dissatisfied him.

"I am not Don Juan!" said he, interrupting himself, "and yet it is in my voice and destiny to be it on the stage. Diable! I am not a tenor and cannot play the tender lover. I cannot sing *Il mio tesoro intanto* with Rubini's cadenza. I must either be a bold scamp or an honest man, who only meets with *fiascos*. Who cares for power? After all," added he, passing his hand over his forehead, "who knows I am in love? Let us see!"

He sang *Quando del vino*, and sang it superbly.

"No, no!" cried he, self-satisfied, "I was not made to love. Cecilia is not my mother. Perhaps to-morrow she might love another better than me—you, for instance. Shall I be in love with a woman who does not love me? I should die of rage! I should not be angry with you, Salentini, but her. I would throw her down from her high castle to the pavement, that she might see how little I cared for her person or her fortune!"

I was frightened at the expression of his face, the old Celio I knew in Vienna was coming back and frightened and saddened me. He saw it, smiled and said to me:

"I believe I am getting wicked again. Come, let us join the others and this will pass off. Sometimes my nerves play me ugly tricks. Come, I am cold; let us go in."

He took my arm and ran in.

At two o'clock the whole family assembled in the large parlor. The marquis gave, as usual, orders to the servants not to disturb him until dinner time, except for some important reason,

and then they must ring the castle bell to summon him. Then he asked the young ladies if they had taken the air and seen to the house, and Salvator if he had worked; and when each had accounted for the morning, he said:

"That is right; the first condition of liberty, of moral and intellectual health, is order in the details of life; but alas! to be orderly one must be rich. The unhappy never can know what they shall do in an hour's time. Now, children, *vive la joie!* The day of business and care is over; the evening of pleasure and Art has begun. Follow me."

He took a large key from his pocket and waved it in the air to the great delight of the children. Then we went towards the wing of the castle devoted to the theatre. They opened the *ivory door*, as the marquis called it, and we entered into the sanctuary of dreams, after having well locked and barred the door. The first thing was to arrange the theatre, restore order and neatness, collect and label the costumes, which had been hastily thrown down upon chairs the night before. The young men swept, dusted, mended the scenery, oiled the bolts, &c. The girls busied themselves about the dresses; all was done with wonderful precision and rapidity. Each one went to work with zeal and gaiety. When all was finished, the marquis called his brood around the great table which stood in the midst of the pit, and there they held council. They took down the manuscripts of "Don Juan" to study; they copied into them the personages of the night before and the scenes they had brought out; they talked over the distribution of the rôles once more. Celio returned to Don Juan; he begged that a few scenes might be sung. Beatrice and Salvator begged leave to improvise a *pas de danse* during the ball in the third act. All was granted. Permission was given to try anything, on condition that it should be decided beforehand, that it might be entered into the manuscript, so that the order of the performance should not be disturbed.

Then Celio sent Stella after several kinds of wigs with long hair. He wanted to make the character more gloomy, and his physiognomy also. He tried on a black wig.

"You are wrong in making yourself dark, if you wish to be wicked," said Boccaferri to him, (he took his old name behind the *ivory door*.) "It is a classic custom to make all traitors dark and with a profusion of hair, but it is a vulgar lie. Pale-faced and black-bearded men are almost always feeble. The true tiger is yellow and silky."

"Then let us take the lion's skin," said Celio, taking up the wig he wore the night before, "but I hate these red ribbons. They seem too much like the tyrant of the melodrama. Young ladies, make me up a quantity of flame-colored ones. That was the mark of a *roué* in Molière's time."

"If that is the case, give us back your cherry bow, *your beautiful sword knot!*" said Stella.

"What do you want of it?"

"I want to keep it for a pattern," said she, smiling mischievously, "for you made it, and you are the only one in the world who knows how to make bows properly. It takes you a long time, but what perfection! Don't you think so?" added she, addressing herself to me and showing me the same cherry ribbons I had picked up the day before. "How do you like them?"

The tone in which she asked the question, and her manner of waving the ribbons in my face, troubled me a little. It seemed as if she expected to see me seize them, and I had principle enough not to do it. Cecilia looked at me. I saw Stella blush; she dropped the ribbon and stepped upon it, as if carelessly, and pretended to laugh at something else.

Celio was brusque and imperious with his sisters, although he adored them from the bottom of his heart, and he performed a thousand little favors for them. He also had seen this singular little episode.

"Hurry, lazy ones!" cried he to Stella and Beatrice; "go and hunt up thirty yards of flame colored ribbon. I am waiting for them."

And when they had entered the store-room, he picked up the cherry bow and gave it to me privately, whispering:

"Keep it in remembrance of Beatrice; but if either of them try to play the coquette with you, correct them and laugh at them. I ask it as a brother."

The preparations lasted until dinner, which was rather serious. They reassumed their gaiety before the servants, who wore mourning for the old marquis for lack of it in their hearts. Besides, every one was thinking of his part, and M. de Balma said one thing which I have always found true: that ideas grow clearer and more fixed when our appetites are satisfied.

They ate quickly and moderately at the table. They said familiarly that the artist who eats a great deal is *à moitié cuit*. They sipped the coffee and whiffed cigars while the servants took off the cloth and made their final disappearance from the rooms of the house. Then they went the rounds and barred all the doors. Then the marquis shouted:

"Ladies, to your dressing rooms!"

They were allowed a half hour longer than the men; but Cecilia did not improve it. She staid with us in the parlor, and I observed her whispering in a corner to Celio. It seemed to me, when this conversation was over, that Celio was full of arrogant delight and Cecilia of resigned sadness; but that did not prove anything. His emotions were always exaggerated, and hers were shown so little that the shade was almost unnoticeable.

At eight exactly the play began. I fear I should become tiresome if I followed it in all its details; but I must observe that to my great surprise Cecilia was admirable and exquisitely furious in her jealousy as Elvira. I would never have believed it; such a passion seemed so different from her! I remarked it in the entr'acte.

"It is perhaps exactly on that account," said she to me; "and besides, what do you know of me?"

She said this so proudly that it frightened me. It seemed to be her pride not to be comprehended. Still I persisted in studying her in spite of herself, and that coldly enough too. Boccaferri praised Celio with enthusiasm; he almost wept with joy to see him play so well. It is true he was the coldest, most scornful, most obstinate of men.

"Thanks to you," said he to Cecilia; "you were so angry and so harsh that you made me wicked. I became ice at your reproaches, for I felt pushed to extremes, and was ready to burst forth. Come, *ma vieille*, you ought always to be

thus; I should regain the powers which your usual kindness and gentleness take away from me."

"Well," answered she, "I advise you not to play such parts often with me. I should take away your laurels."

He leaned over her, and lowering his voice, said:

"Are you capable of being the female of a tiger?"

"It is very good for the stage," answered she.

And it seemed to me she spoke so that I might hear her answer.

"In real life, Celio, I should despise so mean, so easy, and so silly a use of talent. Why am I so ugly in this rôle? Because nothing is so easy as affectation. So do not be too vain of your success to-day. Strength in excitement is *le pont aux ânes*, but strength in calmness—ah, you may gain it some day, but not yet. Try to play Ottavio, and we shall see."

"You are a very bitter actress and very jealous of your talent," said Celio, biting his lips so hard that his red moustache, which was fastened on his lip, fell down upon his lace ruffle.

"You are losing your tiger's hair," said Cecilia to him, calmly picking up the moustache; you were right in wanting a new skin!"

"Do you think you can perform that miracle?"

"Yes, if I care to take the trouble; but I make no promises."

I saw they loved each other without being willing to confess it, and I looked at Stella, who was beautiful as an angel, while she gave me a mask for the ball scene. She had the brave and generous expression of one who gives up the idea of pleasing without renouncing her love. A thrill of my heart, so full of gallantry that it would allow no hesitation, prompted me to draw from my bosom the cherry ribbons I had hidden there, and I showed them to her significantly. All her courage left her; she blushed and her eyes filled with tears. I saw that Stella was sensitive, and that I had either given myself up to her forever or else had committed a base deed. From that moment I looked no longer at the past and gave myself up entirely to the happiness, so new to me, of being purely and frankly loved.

I had been playing Ottavio, and had played badly until then. I took my lovely Anna by the arm and led her upon the stage, and then I found heart and feeling enough to tell her my love and express my devotion. At the close of the act I was loaded with praises, and Cecilia said to me, giving her hand:

"As for you, Ottavio, you need no lessons, and you will soon surpass those who teach."

"I do not know how to act," answered I, "and I shall never know. It is because this is not acting here that I have said what I felt."

[Conclusion next week.]

Translations from Schumann.*

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT-OVERTURES.

J. J. H. VERHULST.—W. STERNDALE BENNETT.—BERLIOZ.

Chance has placed side by side the three names above, the bearers of which may be regarded as the representatives of the younger artistic generation, at least, of three different nations—the Dutch, English, and French. The last name is well-

*From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the London *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

known, the second is beginning to be appreciated, (1839.) while the first has already lost some of its strangeness by frequent mention, especially in our Leipzig journal. We beg to direct the attention of the reader to them collectively; they are destined, we believe, in time, to play an important part in the musical history of the three countries.

The overtures, of which an account is to be here given, I have not, unfortunately, heard executed by an orchestra. But this fact is, perhaps, counterbalanced, and I am enabled to pronounce an opinion on them, by a tolerable familiarity with most of the composers' other works, and, also, with the composers personally, at least with the two first-named. Berlioz promises from year to year to visit Germany, and make us more nearly acquainted with his music; meanwhile, he has sent us a new overture, affording evidence of the strange path he has struck out.

Holland, hitherto celebrated only through its painters, has signalized itself, in recent times, by a lively sense of music also. Great influence has, probably, been exercised in this particular by the Society for the Furtherance of Music, which spreads through the country in a hundred offshoots, and the object of which is the diffusion of native, side by side with German, music. The composer of whom we are speaking is a *protégé* of this Society, and, if I am not mistaken, gained, in several contests, the prize for composition. He is, for the moment, living among us, and has, also, earned a fair reputation as a conductor, by his direction of the concerts of the Euterpe Society, last winter. It is to the first named Netherlands Society, also, that we are indebted for the publication of some of his compositions; a church-piece and an overture have already been noticed and prominently treated in this paper, as the productions of a man of decidedly happy talent. A new overture* is now lying before us; it was written for the opening of the well known Dutch tragedy *Gysbrecht van Amstel*, for which VERHULST composed, also, music to be played between the acts. The overture, which has frequently been heard in Leipzig, gave great satisfaction, and must do so; it is an overture for all: for the public, the musician, and the critic, and is conceived in that tone of generally appreciated culture, which awakens respect in the masses and sympathy in the artist. Some friendly spirit has, hitherto, kept the composer from the rocks which have often lain in the way of other young artists,—from experiments and seductions; he knows his way, and never hazards anything where success is not certain. A knowledge of the measure of his strength, which has already obtained a most satisfactory elevation, and, in addition, liveliness and sprightliness, distinguish this altogether unusual Dutchman as a man, if we would construe him by the aid of his musical efforts. As a musician, more especially, he possesses that instinct of instrumentation which has no longer to choose between two different directions, but at once takes the right one; he delights most in masses, which he well understands how to arrange and set in motion, although he has an observant eye for detail as well; he does not aim at new and unusual effects; with good masters before his eyes, he always strives to produce effects that are more general, everywhere recognized, and always agreeable. The overture in question is, however, already some years old, and cannot be regarded as the last result of his aspirations. Talent of this description does not, it is true, progress rapidly, but its advance is all the more sure; diligence, observation, intercourse with masters, and public encouragement have also urged him on, and thus there is no doubt that the young trunk will, from year to year, bear richer and more abundant fruit; the roots are already striking out towards German soil, and, gradually, the overhanging weight of blossom, also, will turn towards the land which has already afforded nourishment and strength to so many great musicians, and just as, in poetry, there are many foreigners, such as Oehlenschläger, Chamisso, and others, whom we may look upon as our own, so may we greet, like-

* "Overture en Ut mineur, à grand Orchestre, etc., publiée par la Société des Pays-Bas, pour l'Encouragement de l'Art Musical."

wise, Verhulst as honorary member of the German Brotherhood of Art, the number of whose members may, we trust, always increase.

BENNETT, too, belongs to this class, although he at once holds himself, as an Englishman, more aloof, and, in somewhat the same manner that we claim back Händel from England, the English may, at some future period, re-demand Bennett as entirely belonging to themselves—not, however, that we intend that any comparison should be instituted between Händel and Bennett. Bennett's latest overture bears the name of "Die Waldnymph,"* the only non-happy feature, it strikes me, in the whole composition. I know that it is impossible to offend a composer more than by raising objections to the name of his child, since, in his own opinion, he must know better than any one else what he intended, and we might suppose from Bennett's selecting precisely the "Waldnymph," that he wished to give us a companion piece to his former overture, "Die Najaden;" still the title is not at all striking or favorable to the work. It is certainly poetical to indicate a fundamental frame of mind by means of a single existence related to it, just as, from Mendelssohn's "Melusina," the romance, thousands of years old, of life might spring forth from beneath the surface; but this is not applicable in single instances, and I should have preferred the general designation of "Overture pastorale," or something similar. But, setting aside these minor considerations, which, however, as I have already said, are injurious to the effect, the overture rises sufficiently, in its wonderfully tender and slim shape, over others of its sisters, and breathes the purest and brightest poetic life. The pianoforte score, as a general rule, only half enables us to form a judgment of any piece; but this, I have heard from competent authorities, is not the case with the present overture. Bennett is more especially a pianist, and, however skilfully and daintily he can treat the various instruments, his favorite one still peeps out from his orchestral compositions, and, finally, something fine is produced in a diminished form, like a beautiful thought out of the mouth of a child.

The overture is charming; in fact, with the exception of Spohr and Mendelssohn, I know no other living composer who as far as delicacy and softness of color are concerned, has the pencil so much under command as Bennett. Even the fact that he has gleaned a great deal from the two artists just named is forgotten in the masterly treatment of the whole, and, it appears to me, he never displayed himself so much as he really is as in this work. Let any one examine it bar by bar; what a delicate, what a strong web from beginning to end! Instead of hand-broad gaps, from the creations of others, jarring upon our ear, how closely and intimately are all the parts connected! But there is one fault which has been found with the overture: its great diffuseness. This applies more or less to all Bennett's compositions; it is his style; he is finished even in the minutest details. He frequently repeats, too, the very same passages; nay, he does so not for note after the conclusion of the middle movement. Let any one, however, attempt to change without injuring the work; the attempt will not prove successful; Bennett is no mere schoolboy to whom hints are of any use; what he has once thought stands fast, and cannot be disturbed.

It is beyond the scope of Bennett's naïvely fervent poetic character, and the direction he has taken in conformity with it, to set in motion grand levers and forces; magnificence and display are foreign to his nature; where his fancy is most fond of tarrying, by the lonely strand, or in the mysterious greenwood, a man does not seize on trumpets and kettle-drums to describe his solitary happiness. Let us, therefore, take Bennett for what he really is, and not for that which he does not at all desire to be, the creator of a new epoch, or an untractable hero, but as a deeply feeling and true poet, who, indifferent to a hat or two more or less, waved in the air, pursues his quiet way, at the end of which, although, perhaps, no triumphal arch awaits him, there is, at least, a wreath of

* "Overture for grand Orchestra, arranged for four hands, by W. Sterndale Bennett, Op. 20."

violets offered by some grateful hand—such a wreath as Eusebius would here place upon his head.

Wreaths of another description are sought by BERLIOZ, that raging Bacchanal, the horror of snobs, who think him a shaggy monster with ravenous eyes. But where do we find him to-day? Near the crackling hearth, in the house of a Scotch noble, among huntsmen, dogs, and smiling peasant girls. An overture to—Waverley* is lying before me; an overture to that novel of Sir W. Scott, which in its charming wearisomeness, its romantic freshness, and its general English character is, to my mind, the most pleasing of all the new foreign romances. To this has Berlioz composed music. It will be asked, to what chapter, to what scene, to which verse, and for what purpose? Critics are always so fond of learning what the compositions themselves cannot tell them, and, moreover, very frequently do not understand a tenth part of what they discuss. Good Heavens! when will the time at last come, when we shall no longer be asked what we intended by our divine compositions; search for fifths and leave us at rest. In this case, however, the motto on the title page of the overture affords us some explanation:

"Dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honor and to arms."

This alone brings us nearer on the track; at this moment I should like nothing better, than for the orchestra to strike up the overture, with the whole mass of readers seated around, to test everything with their own eyes. It would be an easy task for me to describe the overture, either in a poetical manner, by giving the impression of the pictures which it has suggested to me in various ways, or by dissecting the mechanism of the work. Both these methods of interpreting music have something peculiar to themselves; the first, at least, is distinguished for the absence of that dryness into which the second falls, whether it will or not. In a word, Berlioz's music must be *heard*; even the perusal of the score is not sufficient, whatever trouble a person may give himself to realize it on the piano. Very frequently we find only effects of noise and sound, mere lumps of chords, dashed in anyhow, which convey the composer's meaning, and frequently strange reticences(?), which even a practised ear cannot embody from merely looking at the notes upon the paper. If we probe to the bottom of the separate ideas, they frequently appear, considered by themselves alone, common, nay, even trivial. Taken as a whole, however, the work exercises on me an irresistible charm, in spite of the many things in it which shock, and strike a German ear as unusual. Berlioz appears different in every one of his works, and, in every one, ventures on a new sphere. We do not know whether to call him a genius or a musical adventurer; he is as brilliant as a flash of lightning, but, at the same time, he leaves a stink of brimstone behind him; he presents us with great maxims and truths, and soon afterwards falls into the stammering of a mere schoolboy. To a person who has not got beyond the first elements of musical education and perception (and the majority have not got further), he must appear as nothing more or less than a fool; this must be doubly the case with professional musicians, who spend nine-tenths of their lives in the most ordinary manner,† as he exacts from them things such as no one ever exacted before him. Hence arises the opposition to his compositions; hence do years elapse, before one of them achieves the clearness of a perfect performance. The overture to *Waverley* will, however, make its way more easily. *Waverley* and the figure of the hero are well-known, and the motto speaks especially of "Dreams of love, which must give place to honor and to arms." What can be more plain? It is to be hoped that this overture will be printed and performed in Germany. Berlioz's music could only prove injurious to persons of weak talent,

who would not be benefited by music of a better kind. Before concluding, I must mention that, strangely enough, the overture bears some distant resemblance to Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" nor must I pass over a remark by Berlioz on the title page of the overture, which is marked Op. 1, that he has destroyed his previous work (eight scenes from *Faust*) printed as Op. 1, and wishes his *Waverley* overture to be considered as his first. But who will undertake to say that, at some future period, this later Op. 1 will not, also, no longer please its author? Let the reader, therefore, lose no time in becoming acquainted with this composition, which, in spite of all the weaknesses of youth, is, in greatness and peculiarity of conception, the most eminent specimen of instrumental music which the land of the Franks has produced for some time past.

ANECDOTES OF ADOLPH ADAM.—Boieldieu was his master. During the rehearsal of 'La Dame Blanche,' Boieldieu postponed until "tomorrow" writing the overture, and when the last moment came, when it became absolutely necessary to write the overture, he was so fatigued and harassed he could not write a note. It was in the afternoon; he sent for Adam and Theodore Labarre (his favorite pupils) to dine with him; after a good dinner, which was capped with very strong doses of coffee, he sat down to his piano and played them leading pieces of his new work. They were delighted. What say you, boys, if we all sit down and work on that *diable d'oeuvre*. Come, Labarre, set to work on the commencement of the allegro with one of the Scotch airs you got for me; I'll hash up the andante, and you Adolph-adam," (so he used to call him in one word) give us the caudeletto. They set to work and worked all night. Adam borrowed his *thema* from the famous trio and crescendo; Labarre used the Scotch airs, and by day-break, thanks to many a dish of coffee, the overture was ready. At rehearsal, the orchestra were startled by the harshest dissonances. . . . Adam, through mistake, had written the score for the horn in a different tone from the desired one. This overture was exceedingly successful, but Boieldieu distrusted a piece of music made by coffee and three persons, and determined to compose another, but the overture proved more and more successful, and he was content to let the public have it their own way. It was not until 1829 that Adam made his debut at the Opera Comique. Adam's master-piece is unquestionably 'Le Chalet.' He was accused for a good many years by the envious of having stolen the best pieces in the Chalet. When Herold (the author of 'Marie,' 'Zampa,' the 'Pré aux Cleres,' &c.) died, the family engaged Adam to take possession of all his MSS. and complete 'Ludovic,' which Herold left unfinished. Adam's enemies said that he found in them all the brilliant *themas* he used in 'Le Chalet.' Some years ago, he related, incidentally, in a long discussion he had with a musical critic, how he composed 'Le Chalet,' and especially how he was led to re-write the score of the well known song, *Le Vin, l'Amour et le Tabac*. Few persons ever believed this accusation of plagiarism, and this discussion convinced even them. Perhaps his next best pieces are 'Le Postillon de Lonjumeau,' 'Le Toreador,' and 'Giralda.' He is the author of 'Giselle,' the ballet in which Carlotta Grisi made her debut. It was in his works Mme. Cinti Damoreau and Mlle. Taglioni took leave of the stage. The last years of his life were far from being happy. No galley slave labored as he did.—*Corr. N. O. Picayune*.

TAMBERLIK, THE TENORE.—Signor Tamberlik, we are given to understand, leaves immediately for Rio Janeiro, where he is engaged for fourteen months, at the expiration of which period he is to make the tour of North and South America. The farewell of one who has always done his duty with the utmost efficiency, and whose zeal has always been on a par with his abilities, which have raised him to the highest rank, deserves to be recorded, more especially since it was unprecedented and unaccompanied by *fanfaronade* or display of any kind.

Signor Tamberlik made his *début* at the Royal Italian Opera (April 4, 1850) as Masaniello, with success which, doubtful on the first night, was firmly established after two or three representations. He very soon, indeed, acquired that place in public estimation which he ever afterwards maintained without rivalry, as the most admirable *tenore robusto* since the days of Donzelli, whom, moreover, he was generally allowed, and with justice, to surpass in the purely histrionic department of his art. In the course of six years Signor Tamberlik has rendered eminent services. The extent and variety of his *répertoire* may be best understood by a reference to the list of characters he has successfully attempted. During the first year of his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera he appeared in no less than eight—viz., Masaniello, Pollio, Amenofio, (*Mosè in Egitto*), Rodrigo Dhu (*La Donna del Lago*), Robert (*Roberto le Diable*), Hydaspes (*Anato*—a third title for Verdi's *Nabucco*, which, at Her Majesty's Theatre, had been newly christened *Nino*), Otello, and Léopold (Halévy's *Juice*). In 1851, four more were added—Giulio (*Der Freyschütz*), Florestan (*Fidelio*), Don Ottavio, and Phaon (Gounod's *Sappho*); in 1852, another four—Chalais (*Maria di Rohan*), Poliuto (Donizetti's *Martiri*), Hugo (Spohr's *Faust*), and Pietro (Jullien's *Pietro il Grande*); and in 1853, Arnoldo (*Guillaume Tell*), Ernani, Benvenuto Cellini (in the opera of Berlioz), and Jean of Leyden (*Prophète*). Since 1853, Tamberlik, if we are not mistaken, has only added one new part to his catalogue—that of Manrico, in *Traviata*—making in all twenty-one. The value of a singer capable of impersonating so many characters, and, still better, entirely to the satisfaction of the public, must be self-evident. A more useful artist—not to speak of his rich natural gifts and acquirements—never belonged to an operatic establishment. Nor is this all. Signor Tamberlik, during the term of his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, has seldom, if ever, under any pretext, been absent from his post. He has served the theatre and its patrons with indomitable energy. He has undertaken common parts as readily, and bestowed as much pains upon them as upon those of the highest pretensions. He has more than once supplied the place of Mario himself in operas of vital consequence, such as *Don Giovanni* and the *Prophète*, which, but for the timely intervention of Signor Tamberlik, must have been postponed, to the serious detriment of the treasury. Nor has he shrunk, upon any occasion, from assuming the chief responsibility in works the issue of which was doubtful, and from which other singers have retreated in dismay. As examples of this, we need only cite *Sappho* and *Benvenuto Cellini*. The Italian, French, and German schools have come home to Signor Tamberlik with equal grace; witness his performances in *Otello*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Fidelio*, three master-pieces, in which the principal tenor parts have never been sustained with greater power and effect. To analyze his talent, however, or to describe the peculiarities of his voice, would be going over ground already familiar to our readers. We merely wish to pay some slight tribute to a great and conscientious artist, whom it is more than likely we shall not see again for years, if indeed at all, who has stood high in public favor, and may be fairly regarded as an ornament to his profession.—*London Times*.

Mlle. Piccolomini in "La Traviata."

(From the London Times, May 26.)

On Saturday night one of those important experiments was made that are generally preceded by a vast amount of conjecture and—we may almost say—trepidation among the patrons of lyrical drama. We do not, of course, allude to the production of a new opera by Verdi, since it is one of the virtues of that prolific composer, that he does not much disturb the equanimity of the public, either by raising expectation or by weighing on the memory. We do allude to the debut of Mlle. Piccolomini, the new prima donna, whose performance of the principal character in *La Traviata* had been declared one of the most perfect ever witnessed. The experiment to be made on Saturday, when the new artist came out in the

* Gr. Overture de Waverley, etc., Op. 1. Partition.

† I have often been obliged to acknowledge that the most characteristic ideas are found among working musicians; on the other hand, however, it is not easy to find an instance in which they are deficient in certain sterling qualities.

part with which her fame is most identified, was whether expectations unusually high would be followed by satisfactory results. There was much, too, even in the name "Piccolomini" to excite curiosity, for, even with Juliet's contempt for nomenclature in general, some names are so exceedingly big that one cannot hear them with indifference. Among these, "Piccolomini" is surely to be enumerated. When we add that the young vocalist boasts that the ancient Italian family which comprises among its members the learned Pope Pius II. (better known as Æneas Sylvius), and Ottavio Piccolomini, who was concerned in the death of Wallenstein, owns her not only as a namesake but as a scion, we shall establish the fact that she merited a sympathetic reception at the hands of our aristocratic audience.

Not to keep our readers in suspense with respect to the all-important event of Saturday, let us, before we descend to the particulars, hasten to communicate that the success of Mlle. Piccolomini has been most triumphant; that she was loudly called at the end of every act (twice after the last), and on each occasion with increased enthusiasm. This duty done, we will now endeavor to describe the field on which the victory was attained, and the means employed by the artist.

The book of *La Traviata* is founded on *La Dame aux Camélias*, that celebrated drama which, when produced a few years since at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, at once created a fame for the younger M. Dumas, and incalculably increased the already established reputation of Mme. Doche and M. Fechte. However, as the original piece, notwithstanding the immense noise it made in Paris, has never been transferred to the English stage, or played in London by any French company at the St. James's Theatre, we shall assume that the story is unknown, and describe the progress of the action in *La Traviata* without further reference to the work of M. Dumas than the remark that, whereas his play is supposed to represent modern French life, the Italian libretto changes the period to the year 1700.

The first act takes place at Paris in the house of Violetta, a reigning belle, more celebrated for beauty than for virtue, who on the rising of the curtain appears in her brilliant saloon, receiving guests of distinction. Alfred Germont, a young gentleman with whom she has become recently acquainted, is evidently regarded by her with more favor than the rest, and he soon makes himself conspicuous by singing a Bacchanalian song for the general amusement. Amid all this joviality Violetta soon gives signs of a pulmonary complaint, which plays a very important part in the catastrophe, and Alfred, who is left alone with her by the retirement of the other guests into an adjoining saloon, expresses his serious uneasiness on her account. The devotion felt by the fond youth and the friendly warnings of the fallen beauty are embodied in a duet, at the end of which the guests, having observed the approach of morning, return to take their leave in a chorus. No sooner have they departed than Violetta, abandoned to her own thoughts, executes a grand scena, in which she expresses her love for Alfred, reflects on her lost condition, and at last, by way of solace, resolves to plunge into the vortex of dissipation.

More than three months elapse before the commencement of the second act, the first scene of which is a villa near Paris, the residence of Alfred and Violetta, who, retired from the noisy world, are living together in a state of idyllic felicity, celebrated by Alfred in a song. Already, however, the storm begins to threaten. A word dropped by Violetta's maid reveals to Alfred the unpleasant fact that the lady is about to sell her horses, carriage, &c., to defray the expenses of housekeeping, and he hastens to Paris to prevent the sacrifice. During his absence Violetta receives a visit from a respectable old gentleman, who explains, without reserve, that he is Alfred's father, and moreover, that he is by no means satisfied with his son's present mode of life. His manner is at first harsh, but the revelation that Violetta is about to sell all her property for the sake of his son softens his resentment, and he passes from a tone of severity to a strain of supplication, intermingled with friendly warning. Alfred's position will, he says, blight the hopes of his family, and Violetta herself, when the charms of youth have faded, will lead a life of misery. Under the influence of the old gentleman's persuasions, Violetta, though nearly maddened at the thought of a separation from Alfred, resolves to sacrifice her own feelings for the sake of his welfare. At the close of the interview, the greater part of which is embodied in a duet, Germont senior retires to the garden, and Violetta sits down to write a billet of evidently mysterious import, for, on the sudden return of Alfred, she conceals it with a confused air. Little, however, does he suspect what has taken place, or who is in the garden, and though

Violetta leaves the room abruptly, he still indulges in pleasant dreams for the future. From these he is awakened by the receipt of the letter, which is given to him by the servant, and informs him that his beloved Violetta has abandoned him forever. His despair is of the most frightful kind, and though his father, by an aria replete with paternal affection, endeavors to soothe him, the good old gentleman only seems to add fuel to flame.

We are now taken to a saloon in the house of Flora Bervoix, a lady whose social position is similar to that of Violetta. A brilliant party is given, and some ladies, who make their appearance masked as gypsies, and some gentlemen attired as Spanish bull-fighters, contribute to the merriment of the evening. Among the guests are Alfred, who is occupied in staking his money on a game of cards, and Violetta, who enters on the arm of her present protector, Baron Dauphol. She is embarrassed by the unexpected sight of Alfred, and her embarrassment is increased by the obvious annoyance of the Baron, who insists that during the entire evening she shall not address a word to her former lover. A game, in which stakes are high, and in which Alfred and the Baron are antagonists, does not at all improve the aspect of affairs, and when the whole party retires to the supper room a tempest is evidently in the horizon. In a few moments it bursts forth. Violetta returns to the stage from the supper room, followed by Alfred, whom she exhorts not to fight with the Baron, at the same time professing her love for the latter. The infuriated youth summons the whole company from the banquet, confesses to them how he has accepted the bounty of Violetta, and by way of repayment flings her portrait at her feet, amid the general indignation of all present, including his own father. This situation is the subject of the finale to the second act.

The third act takes place in Violetta's chamber, when the heroine is discovered in a dying condition. A letter from the elder Germont informs her that his son has fought and wounded the Baron, and will speedily return to her, accompanied by his father; but this solace has arrived too late, and an air, in which Violetta supplicates the pardon of Heaven for her past career, and which is contrasted by a Bacchanalian chorus of the people in the streets celebrating the procession of the "beuf gras" is the expression of her despondency. The entrance of Alfred, with his father's sanction, throws a transient gleam over the unhappiness of Violetta, and in the first movement of a duet that ensues they begin to picture to themselves a blissful future. Already, however, the increased debility of Violetta shows that her stay in this world is not likely to be of long duration, and the final movement of the duet expresses the misery of the loving pair. Death, which gradually steals upon her while she is surrounded by her despairing lover, his father, a faithful servant, and the medical attendant, terminates the tale of sin and repentance.

We have been thus minute with the plot, because the book is of far more consequence than the music, which, except so far as it affords a vehicle for the utterance of the dialogue, is of no value whatever, and, moreover, because it is essentially as a dramatic vocalist that the brilliant success of Mlle. Piccolomini was achieved. Perhaps on some other occasion we may return to the consideration of Signor Verdi's part of the performance, taken apart from the libretto. For the present it will be just sufficient to treat *La Traviata* as a play set to music. To M. Dumas, who invented the situations, and Mlle. Piccolomini, who delineated the emotions of the principal character, belong the honors of a triumph, with which the composer has as little to do as possible.

The entrance of Mlle. Piccolomini at once made an impression in her favor. Her figure is small, graceful, and "distinguished," her countenance is pleasing and vivacious, and as she tripped upon the stage amid her guests there was a sprightliness in her manner that gained all sympathies, and that found its vocal expression in the second verse of the Bacchanalian song, with which Violetta follows the first verse, sung by Alfred. The pretty recklessness with which this little ebullition of gaiety took place raised a loud burst of applause, and the verse was unanimously encored. The final movement at the end of the scena, in the first act, when Mlle. Piccolomini's pure soprano voice was exerted in the production of the most florid ornamentation, brought down the curtain amid general sounds of approval, but it was not as yet that her great triumph was attained. It was in the second act, when the interview with the elder Germont is over, and Violetta takes leave of Alfred with the concealed intention of never seeing him again, that her histrionic force was first displayed to its full extent. Such a tone of anguish—of abandonment to the sentiment of the moment, was thrown into the single line—

"Amami, Alfredo, quant'io t'amo! Addio!"

that it thrilled through the whole body of the audience. The second great achievement was in the scene at Flora's residence, when she is insulted by Alfred in the presence of the numerous party. Except in the Camille of Mademoiselle Rachel, we scarcely remember to have seen such an instance of the bodily frame breaking up, as it were, through the aggression of mental anguish. Mademoiselle Piccolomini trembled from head to foot under the influence of the insulting language—the hands clutched convulsively and wandered about uncertain—it was evident that the mind was so absorbed in its own suffering as to have lost its control over the limbs. In this situation she did not utter a note, but nevertheless, she monopolized to herself all the attention of the public, who, contemplating that mute figure, forgot the insipid air by which her movements were accompanied.

When the second act was over the position of the artist was firmly established, and it may be observed especially in her favor that her triumph over the whole house was as gradual as it was sure. In the third act the details of death are set forth with a minuteness as far approaching that of Mrs. C. Kean's exquisite representation of Queen Catherine's last moment as is possible within the compass of lyrical drama, where nuances of feeling cannot be so variously indicated as in spoken dialogues. The tottering step with which Mademoiselle Piccolomini endeavored to reach her chair when the malady was at its height was fine to the highest degree. Every spectator followed her movements with a sort of nervousness, and audibly rejoiced when she was fairly seated, so obvious was the danger that she might fall exhausted in the midst of her efforts. The shriek of supplication with which, after the return of Alfred had again made life valuable, she charged her servant to visit the medical man with the words—

"Digli che vivere ancor vogli'io,"

was wonderful,—it was really the expression of the drowning wretch, who proverbially clutches at a straw, and beautifully led up to the more lyrical agony with which in the duet immediately following she bewails her hapless lot in tones of impassioned grief. The minute details of the final victory of death, with all the gradual sinking and changeful play of the countenance, need not be described. It is sufficient to say that they left the audience in a state of enthusiastic admiration, which took the practical form of two universal calls for the lady *sola*, after her appearance with the rest of the company.

We must repeat the fact that the triumph was completely Mademoiselle Piccolomini's. M. Calzolari, who played Alfredo, sang exceedingly well, but no art could have rendered his songs fascinating; and "Di Provenza," which was sung by M. Benvenuto, in the character of Germont, and which, according to tradition, was the great song of the piece, produced scarcely any effect whatever. A great artist played a part suited to her powers—that was the event solemnized with so large a contribution of plaudits and bouquets.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 21, 1856.

Music in the Open Air—Brass Bands and Bands Non-Military.

An annual text comes round. With the summer evenings we, the people, think again of pleasant walks and peaceful crowds and music, by municipal provision, on the Common. Indeed the first concert for the summer had already been announced for the evening of last Wednesday, but was prevented by the rain. With the long summer days and nights, the old humdrum din of brass begins to haunt the prisoner of the hot city, and allow the jaded sense of hearing no repose. We caught the sound of the first brass band upon parade a few days since; and certainly the sound was rich and spirit-lifting for a little while. But soon it grows monotonous and hacknied; soon all the brass bands sound alike; the same essential quality of tone, the same family type through all its seeming variations; the same aggravating increase of force, without increase of meaning; the

same perpetual blaze and shout and stunning crash of war and triumph, marking time for martial steps, without ministering to peaceful feelings and to true soul's culture; and when subdued to softer uses, as to the playing of serenades and operatic scenes and melodies for summer evening promenaders, still treating these in the same brassy manner, and therefore tempted to select the brassiest by nature, such as Verdi's music, which has become the staple of nearly all the brass bands here and in the old world. It is well, perhaps, as far as it goes; but can we not have better?

Brass bands have their uses and their excellencies. We have frequently had occasion to remark the beautiful harmony and richness and precision of some one of them. But one grows weary of their incessant loud appeal; one hears so much of it, that the state of mind induced is anything but musical; it becomes a part of the general din and rumble which one hears and heeds not, nerves permitting. Brass bands are splendid in the right time and quantity. But they should be kept to characteristic uses. No doubt they are good for military street parades; they reach the ears of rank and file more readily in noisy streets. Their sound is military. Its suggestion is of stir and action, of war and triumph, of physical energy, of material mass in motion; of soldiers on the march, or of political electioneering tramps and triumphs. It has a natural affinity with the hoarse shouts of party; and not indiscriminately there; it is most in character with the more border-ruffian, barbaric, filibustering, might-makes-right kind of politics, than with that which goes for peace, for freedom, and for civilization. It is a kind of sound too apt to terrify or stun the gentler instincts. We had rather leave it, for the most part, to the enemy, and cultivate a gentler music.

Brass bands, then, are essentially military bands. They mean war, brute force, threats, defiance. Not that they may not be employed to better ends sometimes. But we are speaking of this universal overdoing of the fashion. It is the military employment which creates and supports all our bands. When music for non-military purposes is wanted, as for a civic procession, a serenade, a concert on the Common, the same bands are called upon. All the instruments are brass, all made for war; or if subdued to smoothness by the use of valves, *a la Sax*, it is with an awkward grace, a quality of tone resulting which is ambiguous, emasculated, at once loud and characterless. Yet the temptation is quite natural to a skillful player to try other music than plain marches, to imitate the orchestra, the opera singers, and make mere brass astonish you by showing itself so marvellously at home outside of its own element. And we have often had to compliment the brass bands on the degree of expression with which they have contrived to render music thus appropriated. Still it ceases not to be true that, compared with orchestras, or bands not altogether brass, such renderings are and must be inexpressive.

Why can we not, then, (to repeat what we have often urged,) why can we not have organized a civic or non-military band, expressly and primarily adapted to these gentler purposes, of music for the people in the summer evenings, and of inspiring accompaniment to civic festivals, processions, anniversaries, where the end is to

humanize, refine and elevate? Give us at least one large band, composed as bands were wont to be before this filibustering age of brass, with plenty of reeds, clarionets, bassoons, &c., with the mellow and all-blending French horns; not without necessary brass—trumpets that are trumpets, and not sophisticated into vain resemblance of less fiery natures—with the old forest bugle, so long banished, &c., &c.;—a band numerous enough to tell as widely as our bands of brass. Give us this, O City Fathers, if you would realize the full intention of the good resolution which has prompted public music on the Common. Is it not practicable? Would it cost too much? Consider the value of innocent amusements for the people, and that all such outlay is for constructive and not destructive ends. Consider particularly the refining, harmonizing, law-and-order-inspiring influences of music. Then consider how many thousands of dollars worth of patriotic gunpowder, such as you blaze away in senseless fireworks in a single hour, some Fourth of July night, would give good music every pleasant evening through the summer to the crowds that would seek fresh air and comfort on our Common.

From the Country.

NATICK, JUNE 16.—“It is a good thing to be in the country,” says Mr. Sparrowgrass. It is a good thing to be in the country, say I. Moreover it is an especially good thing to be in the country here in America, where, thank the stars! something of the wildness of nature still remains. Instead of the trim cultivated hedgerows with ditches, which I saw a few weeks ago in England, or the narrow footpaths of the Continent, which alone separate the fields and gardens of different owners, here I find old rambling stone walls half concealed by a thousand shrubs and flowers springing up as nature pleases—wild enough. I like them. Instead of the forest lands to which my eye has been accustomed for two years, in which but a single species of tree is to be seen, and in which all stand in regular rows, planted like so much corn, what an endless variety of tree and bush here crowds every wood, offering on all sides something new; new effects of light and shade, of hue and tint, of form and grouping! I like this too. Then here I have Cochituate, and Dug, and Morse's and Bullard's ponds, and Charles river winding through a beautiful valley, and all within the limits of a pleasant walk, such as William and I took yesterday. And these waters are not ruined yet by civilization, but here and there give me little pictures of sweet savageness, and carry me back to the days when Eliot's Indians were hunting and fishing upon their shores. Well-a-day—they are all gone! The Pegans, and the Wabuns and the Swamscots—and the “place of hills” knoweth them no more.

But I sat down to write upon musical matters.—Music is a good thing in the country, Mr. Sparrowgrass might say. It flourishes here. In a quiet way, indeed, and yet I find surprising excellence even in this small country town, and with the high standard of foreign excellence still fresh in my memory. No matter now about the little society which has met for practice this past winter, and studied operatic choruses instead of psalm tunes; let me tell you of our new prima donna. She is a true soprano, her voice of the purest flute-like quality, of great compass and power, and she charms one alike by her tenderness and feeling, and by her marvellous execution. I walked up to Cochituate pond early this morning, where she lives, and she sung to me half an hour. She has not yet appeared in public—when she does I look for a great sensation. As a secret I give you her name, Mrs. Brown Thrush—

no connection of Mr. Brown, by the way. She is the soprano of a new quartet of singers which will probably attract some notice yet, and put this sort of music on quite a new footing.

A near relative of this lady forms the second in the quartet. She is a very dark brunette, but very pretty, and one of the liveliest young creatures imaginable. She is a great favorite here, and as odd and queer in her ways as she is superb in her singing. The other day she suddenly broke off in a solo, uttered half a dozen *meus* like a kitten, and went on again as if nothing had happened—to the great delight of the youngsters, who have nicknamed her “the Catbird.”

Mr. Oriole is the third on the list. In my ramble with William yesterday, I paid him a visit at South Natlek. He practises altogether in the open air to strengthen his lungs, and has a small stage constructed high up in the branches of a grand old elm, which the Indians planted before the door of Parson Badger, as a tree of peace, some generations since. Mr. O. sang us some pieces in costume, a beautiful crimson robe through which appear the glossy sleeves of a superb black velvet coat.

The fine voice of Monsieur Robin, as he calls himself, completes the quartet. (Between you and me, his real name is T—h, and he is a near connection of the two ladies; but he is a rambling, wandering fellow, and can “do better” under the assumed name, upon the principle, “A prophet,” &c.) M. Robin has not a very extensive compass, but is, notwithstanding, an admirable artist. The tune Portugal, in the old Handel and Haydn Collection, will give you an idea of his style of composition.

A Mr. R. O. Lincoln was until quite recently in Mr. Robin's place, but he has grown rich, fat and affects the sober manners as well as garb of the Quakers, exchanging his fine white vest and shining coat for solemn gray. I hear he is going South by and by for the winter; it is to be hoped that with Spring he may return to us and to art again.

Attempts have been made here to introduce the practice of congregational singing, and with some success, so long as the voices of the persons above mentioned, reinforced by those of the Warbler family, predominated; but as by degrees the Jays and others like them, acquired confidence and gave the public the full power of their strong lungs, the really fine singers were driven from the field, and we are now organizing again a select choir. The Jay and the Blackbird families are—well, not the best of singers. With the quartet and a chorus of the Warblers, the Martins and some other musical families residents of Natick, it is hoped that few places will offer better Sunday music than this “Place of Hills,” as the name signifies.

It was already dark as William and I last evening came home from Bullard's and Morse's ponds. We were upon a rough, shady, wild road, with woods and swampy meadows on either hand, when suddenly our talk was interrupted by a short, sharp, anxious cry, “Whip poor Will!” My companion was a little startled at first; but we concluded some other Will was meant; though the thought occurred that possibly the voice was a spiritual manifestation from some poor perturbed Indian spirit, not yet oblivious of old colony times. It is truly a good thing to be in the country. The spirits of John Elliot's Indians do not visit you in the city.

Do you know that after two years absence a summer's evening concert in the meadow, by frogs and toads and what not, hath a charm? Such voices of the night are so American! I am reminded of Prospero's Isle, where the air was filled with voices that hurt not. The old people of Natick have a tradition that after old Squire Gookin, of Cambridge, died, who had long been the guardian of the Indians, and whose guardianship had sometimes not quite

met their wishes, they explained the language of the frogs after this wise:

Deep Bass Voice. Old Gookin is dead! old Gookin is dead! (*repeated ad lib.*)

Tenor. I'm glad on't! I'm glad on't!

Soprano. So am I too! so am I too!

and so on indefinitely.

Yes, here in the country the air both day and night is filled with voices. What do foreigners mean by speaking of our want of singing birds and sweet-scented wild flowers? Why, I feel just that want abroad. The nightingale, skylark and finch no more supply to my ear the want of the tones I have heard and loved all my life than our thrushes, bob-o'-links, orioles and warblers supply their places to the European. I feel the beauty of the nightingale's song—of "sad Philomel's" "soft complaining note;" it is beautiful in itself, and all the more so (as we learn from Shakspeare) because heard at night, when every goose is not cackling. Nor am I indifferent to the gushing joyousness, the bubbling melody of the skylarks springing up from the fertile plains about Breslau, as I heard them a year ago; but I can recall no spot abroad, on the banks of the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe, among the Hartz or the Saxon hills, where I have heard anything like the variety, the sweetness, the power and clearness of the bird voices which are delighting me in my walks about the hills and waters of old Natick.

"Vive la prejudice!"

Well, let it be prejudice; it can do no harm if I thus am more contented with home. A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Mrs. VESTVALI's Opera troupe have gone from Boston. Since *Ernani*, noticed in our last, they have given three performances, namely, one of *Lucia*, one of *Il Trovatore*, and finally on Wednesday night a hash of single acts from four familiar operas.... The brothers MOLLENHAUER, in New York, have been joined by a third brother, HEINRICH MOLLENHAUER, violoncellist from the Royal Chapel at Stockholm. They gave a concert on the 5th at Dodworth's Academy, the principal feature of which was a Trio in G for their three instruments by Beethoven.... A Philharmonic Society has been organized in Springfield, Ms. Mr. JOHN FITZHUGH is the president, and Mr. A. GEMUNDER, leader.... Dr. LOWELL MASON and Mr. GEORGE F. ROOT are holding a "Normal Musical Institute" for the coming three months in the village of North Reading, Ms.

The London *Musical World* states, on positive authority, that the present is absolutely the last professional visit of Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT to England. Besides appearing at the two Philharmonic Societies, she will give three farewell concerts in Exeter Hall; the first, a miscellaneous performance, the 11th of June; the second, an oratorio, ("The Creation,") on the 25th; and the third, miscellaneous, on the 30th. On the 30th of June, at Exeter Hall, JENNY LIND sings her last song in England. The rumors about her return to the stage were rumors only. She has had no such intention. There is hope for us still, since it is nowhere positively stated that she has taken any vow never to return to America.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* states that 4,382 hand-organs are daily ground in the streets of that city.... JULIEN, the monster concert man, is giving concerts at Liverpool and Manchester with twelve men in Zouave costume, purporting to be the trumpeters of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, "with the glory of the Crimea fresh upon them," as his small bills say.... MAX MARETZKE, it is said, will give a series of grand promenade concerts at the Academy of Music very shortly. LA GRANGE

and GOTTSCHALK are spoken of as the soloists, assisted by a grand orchestra of eighty musicians.

The Pittsfield Harmonic Society performed Newkomm's "David" on the evening of the 17th.... The Waltham Musical Association have a new hall and have purchased De Monti's "favorite" Mass, in B flat, recently published by Oliver Ditson. When they have sung that through, they will do well to try some masses of a higher order, say by Haydn or Mozart, with which Mr. Ditson will be equally ready to supply them.

The PYNE troupe are singing English Opera in Montreal.

HENRY DRAYTON, the American tenor, will, it is said, visit this country next Fall with a first-class English company, comprising LUCY ESCOT and other celebrated vocalists.

JOANNA WAGNER, it is rumored, will come to America after her present engagement with Mr. Lamley expires, which will be next Fall.

There is much truth in the following remarks of the *Quarterly Review*: "We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of taste for music. It sets the head wagging and feet tapping; sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grètry danced, when a child, to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing, perhaps, in this, the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord, and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficient and such eager volunteers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, (it seems not Beethoven, however)—were infant prodigies. There seems nothing to dread in prematurity of musical development; it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord. When we see a child picking out airs on the piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts." We might add, (here at least, however it may be in England,) there is quite as much room for rejoicing when we see full-grown children silent at a concert.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. On the 22d of May *Il Barbiere* was repeated, with the same successes on the part of ALBONI, but with a new tenor, M. SALVIANI, a "young tenor from Florence," in the part of Almaviva. The *Times* says he has an organ of considerable power, and sang the romanza with a great deal of feeling; but the occasional want of firmness in his notes betrayed the nervousness of a first appearance. ALBONI had appeared also in *La Sonnambula*, with CALZOLARI as Elvino, BENEVENTANO as the Count, and Mlle. RIZZI as Liza. On the 24th came Verdi's *Traviata* and the debut of la PICCOLMINI, of which we copy a full report in another column. Of our old friend BENEVENTANO we are not surprised to read: "His feeling is evident, and his intention good, but both are spoiled by exaggeration." *La Traviata* was thrice repeated.—June 2. Verdi's *Trovatore* served for the debut of Mme. ALBERTINI, with a cast altogether novel. We quote from the *Times*:

Mme. Albertini (an English woman by birth) has for some years maintained a very high rank as *prima donna assoluta* in the "land of song." She was the favorite pupil of the celebrated Madame Ungher, and

enjoyed the protection of Rossini himself, who entertained a great opinion of her talent, and materially assisted her in her career. The fame of Mme. Albertini, however, we have reason to believe, has been chiefly acquired in Verdi's operas; and whatever deterioration is now perceptible in her splendid natural gifts must be traced to the pernicious influence which the music of that *maestro* exercises upon all voices that come in contact with it. Though young, Mme. Albertini has suffered like the rest. Her voice is still a *mezzo soprano* of great power and extensive range; but the higher notes, which in their prime would have entitled it to be denominated a *soprano sfogato* of the most superb kind, are worn by incessant and painful exertion in the music that has for a long time taken possession of the Italian stage. Mme. Albertini possesses all the qualifications to make a dramatic singer of the first class. She has evidently studied her art with zeal and thoroughly mastered its secrets. In the first act of *Il Trovatore*, where Leonora has really some vocal passages to execute and some vocal phrases to sing, this was plainly manifested. The *andante* of the *cavatina d'entrata*, "Tacea la notte placida," was admirably delivered—the phrasing large and well-finished, the chest notes (*voix de poitrine*) full and satisfactory, and the expression as pure as it was fervid. The *cabaletta*, too, was a brilliant display of vocalization. In this *bravura*, Mme. Albertini, among other acquisitions, displayed one which is rare among singers of the present day—viz., a close and even *trillo*, or shake, on several notes of the scale, a shake perfectly at command, graduated with ease from *forte* to *piano*, and exquisitely in tune. The enthusiasm created by her performance was quite legitimate, and was renewed with equal reason when the curtain fell at the end of the first act, after the trio with Manrico and the Count, in which Mme. Albertini exhibited a fire and impetuosity which took the audience by storm.

Sig. Baucarde the tenor, is no stranger to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. The beautiful quality of voice which formerly gained him admirers, remains unimpaired, but his intonation is uncertain. His best effort was the *adagio* of Manrico's grand air in the third act—"Ah, si, ben mio," which was given with genuine feeling, and loudly redemanded. The noisy *cabaletta* too, "Di quella piza," was declaimed in a very energetic manner, and by this performance Signor Baucarde redeemed many faults that might be laid to his charge elsewhere.

In the character of Azucena Madame Albani not only delighted but surprised the audience. Besides singing the music to perfection, she evinced a dramatic power for which she has not hitherto received credit. The long and elaborate *scena* where the Gipsy narrates to Manrico the story of her mother's death, was delivered with a variety and intensity of expression that touched every hearer. Nothing could be finer than the climax, when, in one emphatic line:

"Sul capo mio le chiamo sento drizzarsi ancor!"

Azucena summed up the extent of her emotions on referring to the dreadful catastrophe. This passage is set low in the scale; and the magnificent *contralto* tones of Albani—slowly and solemnly uttered—thrilled through the audience. The plaintive melody, "Stride la vampa," was warbled with charming simplicity.

Sig. Beneventano was more successful as Count de Luna than in any part he has hitherto essayed. He sang the familiar air, "Il balen del suo sorriso," extremely well.

We add also the opinion of the *News* about Albertini:

Mme. Albertini is worthy of her Italian reputation. She is a powerful tragic actress, and accomplished singer. She is tall and graceful; and though her features are, perhaps, not entitled to be called beautiful, yet they are, when in repose, very pleasing, and are also capable of strong and varied expression. Her voice is a pure *soprano*, of great power and compass. Its quality, too, is fine; but she sometimes forces it too much, making the high notes somewhat shrill and piercing. This, however, she does only in the expression of violent passion. In pathetic passages, where she subdues her voice, its high tones are often exceedingly sweet; and her "dying falls"—sustained sounds gradually diminished to an extreme pianissimo—are often as exquisite as anything we have ever heard. Her execution is clear, articulate, and brilliant; and she appears to have studied in a good school. We do not know her age; but her powers seem to be fully matured, and she is a finished and cultivated artist. Her declamation in the delivery of recitative is very fine, and her whole manner is brimful of feeling. She makes much use of the *roce vibrata*, without carrying it to excess; so that it adds earnestness and intensity to her expression. She made an immediate impression. Her very first air, "Tacea la notte placida," was given with such romantic tenderness, and rose at the conclusion to such an ecstasy of passion, that it drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house; and the enthusiasm of the audience went on increasing to the very end.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The last reports mention no novelties. In the last week of May there were repetitions of *Rigoletto*, *Il Conte Ory*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the fourth concert were performed Spohr's Symphony in D minor (No. 2,) and Mozart's "Jupiter"; overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fidelio"; Concertos for piano (OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT) by Beethoven, and for violoncello (PIATTI) by Haydn; and vocal pieces from Gluck, Cimarosa and Rossini, (by CLARA NOVELLO and VIARDOT.) Beethoven's Concerto (in G), says the *Times*, "was played with infinite spirit and a taste irreproachably classical by Herr Otto Goldschmidt."

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.—The programme of the fifth "sitting," (Tuesday afternoon, May 27,) was as follows:

Quartet, E minor, Op. 44.....Mendelssohn.
Piano-forte Solos.....Bach.
Quartet in A, No. 5, Op. 18.....Beethoven.
Septet, D minor.....Hummel.

ERNST, COOPER, HILL and PIATTI formed the quartet. HALLÉ was the pianist.

Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN gave, the same afternoon, a "recital" of piano music, performing from memory all, except the Bach piece, of the following programme.

Sonata in C major, Op. 53.....Beethoven.
Schlummerlied, Op. 121—Jagdlied, Op. 82—Traumens-
wirren: Phantasiesstück, Op. 12, Robt. Schumann.
Prelude and Fugue (for organ) in A minor, J. S. Bach.
Capriccio Scherzando in F sharp minor, Mendelssohn.
Nocturne in C minor—Polonaise in A flat
major.....Chopin.

Germany.

WEIMAR.—Several compositions of young musicians have lately been produced. Among them were the overture to *Lanzelot vom See*, by Herr Emil Büchner, of Leipzig; and two orchestral compositions, an "Orchestral Fantasia" on Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and an overture to Alfieri's *Eugenia di Asti*, by Herr Karl Fendrich, of Freiburg.—Montag's Gesangverein have given a concert of sacred music before the Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess, the Court, and a large circle of guests, in the ducal chapel. The pieces selected were, "Lamentationen" and "Responsorien," by Palestrina; an old German "Marienlied," by Frätorius; "Regina Coeli," by Caldara; "Adoramus," by Ruffi; "Alla Trinita," by a composer of the 14th century; a cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbunden," by J. S. Bach; the 22nd Psalm, and "Mitten wir im Leben sind," by Mendelssohn; and two motets, "Wachet auf, ruft Euch die Stimme," and the 33rd Psalm, by Fasch and Reicha. The various pieces were executed partly a *capella*, partly with organ and quartet accompaniment.

BERLIN.—There have been two *débuts* lately at the Royal Opera-house; that of Mlle. Valentine Bianchi, from the Paris Conservatory, as Amina, in *Sonnambula*, and that of Mlle. Louise Michal, the Swedish aspirant, as the Queen of Navarre, in the *Huguenots*. Both were successful.—A grand military concert was given, recently, in Otto's Circus, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of military musicians as well as for invalided military musicians themselves. The band was selected from the bands of the infantry, cavalry, and Jäger regiments at present garrisoned here. The concert, under the direction of Herr Wiebrecht, opened with Spontini's overture to *Olympia*. This was followed by Count von Redern's "Fackeltanz," Lischhorn's "Belle Amazone," Schubert's "Lob der Thürnen," a "Funeral March," by Beethoven, the same composer's symphony in C minor, and the march from *Tannhäuser*. Their Royal Highnesses the Princes Karl, Albrecht and Friedrich, were present.—Herr Liebig has brought his Winter Concerts, in Hennig's Wintergarten, to a close.

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